THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON

MDCCCXCI

Alumnæ Association

of

Mount Vernon Seminary

PRESS OF GEDNEY & ROBERTS
WASHINGTON

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EDITORIAL

"AND TIME STEALS ON."

ANOTHER year has gone, and at its close we greet you, rejoicing in the accomplishments of the twelve-month ended, and with brightest hopes for that to come.

The Class of '91 was the largest ever graduated by our Alma Mater, nor did it lack in nobler qualities of heart and brain; the reunion was delightful, our initial attempt at toast speeches a decided success, and, best of all, the Association is self-supporting. The Annual is issued without an appeal to Mrs. Somers' generosity toward defraying expenses.

The Editorial Committee is hilarious.

Next winter Miss Scull, with the ardor of youth, and the judgment and ripe experience of years, leads her pupils through bright mazes of American History.

Miss Pindell organizes a News Class, while Professor McClintock enchants with the romance and poetry of English Literature.

The interior of the Seminary buildings will be made beautiful by fresh papering, new furnishings and more elaborate decoration.

Commencement evening how earnestly we followed Professor McClintock as he showed that no longer did blushing maidenhood, ignorant of the demands of practical life, rivet the gaze of the world, but the mature woman, clear-eyed, intelligent, progressive, created its standards and ideals.

We followed earnestly ; yes, and believed, but as we look at Mount Vernon Seminary, with its splendid equipment in faculty, its commodious halls, its advantages in the best social life of the Capital, do we sigh, I wonder, and, despite the bright vistas of the future, would we not once more be children and begin all over again ?

HATTIE BELLE WALKER,
ADDIE PERRY BURR,
ANNA SANBORN KING,
Editorial Committee, 1890–'91.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

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Mrs. Clara Bliss Hinds, M.D., 1331 N Street, N. W.
Miss Harriet Grace Brouse, - 1100 M Street, N. W.

Active Members.

1876

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1877

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Mabel Eddy, - - Newcomb Place, Louisville, Ky.
Juliet Everts (Mrs. Robb), - - - Cincinnati, Ohio
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1878

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* When not otherwise expressly stated, all addresses are in Washington, D. C.

1879

Anna Woodburn Baggs (Mrs. L. A. Koehne), Indianapolis, Ind.

Carrie Pryor Bryan (Mrs. S. Preston Moses), 7 Cambria Street, Somerville, Mass.

Ida Margaret Hawley, - - - 16 Third Street, N. E.

Mary Landers (Mrs. John Beall), Montrose, Georgetown Heights, D. C.

Caroline Waugh Morgan, - - 1341 Q Street, N. W.

Adalyn E. Smith (Mrs. A. R. Holden), Hyattsville, Md.

Julia May Somers (Mrs. Horace G. Candee), Alma, Neb.

Therese E. Tilly, - - - - 617 Twenty-first Street

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1880

Myra Goodwin (Mrs. Samuel Plantz), 26 Hendrie Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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Sadie Ross Rabb (Mrs. James Wade Emason), Vincennes, Ind.

Cora M. Walker (Mrs. F. L. Hayes), 1519 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mary Wheeler, - - - - - - - - Muirkirk, Md.

Anna Mary Kennedy, - - - - 321 C Street, N. W.

1881

Anna Seymour Ames, 622 Ninth Street, Des Moines, Iowa

Fannie Robinson Chase (Mrs. B. G. Poole), 945 Rhode Island Avenue

Adele May Grandin, - - - - - - Louisville, Ky.

Alma Marie Hogue (Mrs. Dr. Baxter), Michigan City, Ind.

Ella V. Marlow (Mrs. Wm. H. Harrison), Laurel, Md.

Cornelia Irby Morgan, - 315 Four-and-a-half Street

Frances Adelaide Tune, (Mrs. W. Frank Walker), 610 E Street, N. W.

Nellie M. Vila (Mrs. Willis Lord Moore), Hutchinson, Kan.

Hattie Belle Walker, - - 519 Third Street, N. W.

1882

Gertrude Burnett (Mrs. Wm. E. Beach), 185 Columbia Street, Lafayette, Ind.

Regina Calder, 105 N. Front Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Jessie Pixley Lacey, - - 1522 Connecticut Avenue

Elizabeth Beall Leech, - - - - Govanstown, Md.

Carolyn E. Porte, - - - - 1100 M Street, N. W.

1883

Mary Little Cammack, - - (*Died March, 1887*).

Hallie M. Elliott (Mrs. Frank Ridgley), Springfield, Ill.

Edith Foster (Mrs. Allen Macy Dulles), 16 Clinton Street, Watertown, N. Y.

Mabel Vincent Jones (Mrs. John C. Cook), Springfield, Ill.

Mary Jennings, - 826 Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Florence Helen Nash (Mrs. Weis), 127 Prospect Avenue, Ottawa, Ill.

1884

Marian A. Dean, - - P.O. Box 624, San Jose, Cal.

Eleanor Foster (Mrs. Robert Lansing), Watertown, N. Y.

Frances E. Scoville, 1108 First Street, Evansville, Ind.

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Edith M. Lacey, - - - 1522 Connecticut Avenue

Jennie E. Nisbet (Mrs. J. H. Zarecor), Nashville, Tenn.

Louise E. Prentiss (Mrs. Frederick W. True), 1101 Fourteenth Street.

Margaret G. Galt (Mrs. E. Chester Stott), Taneytown, Carroll County, Md.

1885

Mabel Crampton, - - - 1322 Tenth Street, N. W.

Grace Finley, - - - - - 1920 Thirteenth Street

Agnes Inch, - - - - - - - - 1748 P Street

Mary Isabel Potter, 4 Union Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

Gracia Fredrika Torinus (Mrs. Hiram King). *Died December 31, 1889.*

Louise B. Wilson (Mrs. Lloyd W. Bowers), Winona, Minn.

1886

Mabel Cannon, (Mrs. Ernest Xavier Leseure), Danville, Ill.

Carrie Allen (Mrs. W. D. Van Horn), Wellsboro', Pa.

Katheryn Morgan, Waterbury, Anne Arundel County, Md.

Nettie Stinemetz (Mrs. R. L. Bains), 1508 P Street, N. W.

Marie Wilkinson (Mrs. Howard L. Hodgkins), 1526 K Street, N. W.

Hattie Staples, - - - - - - - - Dubuque, Iowa

Margaret Thompson, 499 East Avenue, Galveston, Tex.

Mellie Haydock (Mrs. J. P. Camp), 2033 Park Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Lina E. Wilson (Mrs. Wm. Alton), 2917 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

1887

Augusta Eighmey, 1337 Main Street, Dubuque, Iowa

Grace Willis, - - - - - - - - - Wellsboro', Pa.

Mary Norton, - - - - - - - - - Winona, Minn.

Sarah Wartmann, - - - - - - - Evansville, Ind.

Alethea H. Luse (Mrs. Sydney Underwood), 5421 Cornell Avenue, Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.

Annie Price (Mrs. E. F. Simpson), 1005 New Hampshire Avenue.

1888

Clara Ford, - - 503 Maple Avenue, Le Droit Park

Addie Perry Burr, - - - 431 Fourth Street, N. W.

Martha Louise Lemon (Mrs. C. S. Cissell), 1220 Eleventh Street

Nellie Mathilda Walker, - 227 East Capitol Street

Nannie Van Dyke Skillman, 234 New Jersey Avenue, S. E.

Rachel Jones Coffin, - - - - - - Muirkirk, Md.

Mary Knight Bradford, - - 904 M Street, N. W.

Mary Ada Stinemetz, - - - - - - 1531 P Street

1889

Mary Alice Woodson, - - - - - St. Joseph, Mo.

Florence Lyden De Pauw, - - New Albany, Ind.

Jessie Christopher, - - - - - - - 2016 R Street

Mary Force, - - - 524 Mabry Street, Selma, Ala.
Anna S. King, - - - - - - - 1315 Twelfth Street
Florence Rebecca Young, 1109 Pennsylvania Avenue
Eugenia Keen, - - - - - - - - Evansville, Ind.
Louise McWilliams, - - - - - - - Dwight, Ill.

1890

REGULAR COURSE.

Edith Dennison Cook, 3625 Ellis Park, Chicago, Ill.
Edith Dingley, - - - - - - - - Lewiston, Me.
Mary Hannah Diver, - - - - 222 C. Street, S. E.
Ora Adèle Hancock, - - - - - - Dubuque, Iowa
Naomi Blanche Naylor, - - - - - Laurel, Md.
Lucy Myra Ricker, - - - - - - Lewiston, Me.
Kate Wright Stedman, - - - Wilmington, N. C.
Ina Marie Taft, 3014 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Roberta Wolf, - - - - - Gettysburg, Pa.

SPECIAL COURSE.

Clara Celinda Kennedy, - - - 321 C Street, N. W.
Yoshi Kuki, - - - - - - - - - - Kobi, Japan
Lucinda Jane Tanner, - - - - - Springfield, Ill.
Edna Henderson Tune, - - - 610 E Street, N. W.

1891

Anna Coryell Beebe, 1320 Stout Street, Denver, Col.
Eleanor Gordon Brush, care John Brush, Indianapolis, Ind.
Phila Lazarus Calder, - - - - Wilmington, N. C.
Elsa Durand Chamberlin, 1840 Sherman Avenue, Denver, Col.
Mary Chiles, - - - - - - - Independence, Mo.
Frances Pearson Clapp, - - 1024 Vermont Avenue
Grace V. Edwards, - - 121 Eleventh Street, S. E.
Elizabeth Hardin Field, 265 Broadway, Denver, Col.
Izzie Lunella Herrick, 345 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.
Marion Dane Lilley, - - - - - - 2203 K Street
Susie B. Plain, - - - - 907 Massachusetts Avenue
Sara Bainbridge Shields, - - - - - 2019 N Street
Clara Seipp, - 3300 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Cornelia Harnden Wright, - - - - 1209 S Street

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

THIS Society shall be known as the Alumnæ Association of Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.

ARTICLE II.

Every graduate of the Institution shall be considered an active and life member of this Association.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding and a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer and an Editorial Committee of three. These shall together constitute a Board of Directors and shall be elected annually, a majority of all the votes cast being necessary to a choice.

ARTICLE IV.

The President shall preside at all meetings, and in her absence one of the Vice-Presidents shall act in her stead.

The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Association and present an Annual Report.

The Recording Secretary shall keep an accurate record of the minutes of all meetings and read the Annual Memoir.

The Treasurer shall receive all money collected as dues from members, and shall pay out the same only upon order from the President; she shall keep a careful account of the financial affairs of the Association, a report of which she shall present at the expiration of her term of office.

ARTICLE V.

The Board of Directors shall have power to call meetings, fill vacancies occasioned by death or resignation, and otherwise conduct the general affairs of the Association. Three members of this Board shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VI.

(*As Amended.*)

The regular meetings of this Association shall be two business meetings and a Reunion. The first business meeting shall be held on the Second Saturday in January for the purpose of arranging the program for the Reunion and for the appointment of the necessary committees.

The second business meeting shall be held on the First Saturday in May for the election of officers. The Reunion shall be held on the Saturday preceding Commencement, at 11 A. M.

Seven members of the Association, three of whom belong to the Board of Directors, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE VII.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at the May meeting by the vote of a majority of members present, seven members constituting a quorum.

ARTICLE VIII.

The Editorial Committee shall edit and publish an Annual, to be issued before July 1st, and to consist of original articles contributed by members only.

ARTICLE IX.

There shall be an annual tax of one dollar upon each member to meet the expenses of publishing the Annual. There shall also be an annual tax upon each resident member to defray the expenses of the Reunion, the amount to be determined at the May meeting.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

ON Friday evening, June 5th, Class Day exercises were held in the Chapel, which was tastefully decorated with foliage, plants and the class-flower—the Daisy. The essays in thought and expression reflected credit upon teachers and pupils.

The next morning the Alumnæ assembled and heartily enjoyed their Annual Reunion.

The Commencement took place on Monday evening, June 8th, in the Metropolitan M. E. Church, and was an impressive sight.

Against a background of palms and ferns sat a chorus of young women clad in draperies of daintiest hues and fabrics. Immediately in front were Mrs. Somers, the graduating class, Professor McClintock, Dr. Hamlin, of the Church of the Covenant, and Dr. George H. Corey, of the Metropolitan.

The main body of the school and the remaining members of the Faculty occupied pews immediately in front, and in their soft gowns of white presented a beautiful picture.

Professor McClintock delivered a remarkable address on "The Coming Woman." The school chorus, accompanied by the Wilhelmj Club, rendered fine vocal selections, and the evening closed by the conferring of diplomas by Dr. Hamlin, with brief and appropriate remarks.

REPORT
OF
THE ANNUAL REUNION.

THE Mount Vernon Seminary Alumnæ Association held its Annual Reunion in the school building on Saturday, June 6, 1891.

The meeting was called to order by the President, and Miss King appointed to introduce the class of '91.

The President then addressed the Association, and Miss Clapp responded on behalf of the new members.

Roll call followed, showing a good representation of resident members. Greetings from many absent ones were received and announced by Mrs. Somers.

PROGRAM.

Poem, - - - MRS. CORA WALKER HAYES.
Read by Miss Hattie B. Walker.
Duett—Banjo and Guitar, - The MISSES MORGAN.
Essay—Reminiscences, MRS. LINA WILSON ALTON.
Read by Miss Jessie P. Lacey.
Piano Solo, - - - - MISS CLARA SEIPP.
Vocal Solo, - - FRAU PROFESSOR NAUMANN.

The hymn which Mrs. Hayes so beautifully introduced into her poem was sung with spirit by the whole Society.

A social time was enjoyed at the close of the program, in which all entered with hearty cordiality until the refreshment committee announced luncheon,

and served good things of the daintiest and most refreshing nature.

After the last course Miss Porte, in a graceful and able address, introduced the toasts.

CORNELIA I. MORGAN,
Recording Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING JUNE 25, 1891.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in treasury, June 25, 1890,		$34.72
Received by J. P. Lacey, late Treasurer, for dues, - - -	$79.00	
Received by J. P. Lacey, late Treasurer, for invitations, -	8.00	
Received by J. P. Lacey, late Treasurer, for luncheon, - -	22.00	109.00
		$143.72

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid A. P. Burr for printing Annuals, 1890, - -	$34.72	
Luncheon, - - - - - -	21.63	
Expended by late Treasurer for stationery, - - - - -	2.51	
Engraving and printing Reunion cards, - - - - - -	8.00	
Postage, - - - - - -	2.09	68.95
Balance on hand June 25, 1891,		$74.77
		$143.72

EDITH M. LACEY,
Treasurer.

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '91

BY THE PRESIDENT.

IN certain mountain districts of the Old World the peasant people, when they have finished their Ave Marias, say "Good evening" to each other, thus signifying that they have come back from Heaven to their earthly surroundings. So we, gathering here one morning in each year, may most appropriately say "Good morning" to each other when we separate, for it seems to me we have quite slipped away from our present world and life and have gone back to the dear old heavenly school days. So it seems as if we were quite on the same school-girl footing with these new sisters we so cordially welcome to our midst to-day. Coming to us as they do, with their fresh enthusiasms, high aspirations and hope, we are glad to enlist them in our ranks and to present them with the badge of membership, believing that its motto has been theirs, and that only self-mastery could have enabled them to master the work they have so faithfully done.

We who *are* a little older grown, who have entered some of the valleys of life and gained, maybe, a few of its uplands, extend to you the warm hand of greeting and of fellowship. We are glad to tell you from our experience of the world, which you are just about to enter so joyously, that life *has* difficulties, but that the glory and the crown of life is in conquering them.

Life has shadows, but the sweetness of life is in creating sunshine out of them. Life is no child's play, but earnest, serious, calling forth all the courage and strength and nobility of our natures. It seems to me there is special need just now for every woman to do her best, especially American women. In a certain sense we are creating a new standard of womanhood—the eyes of the world are upon us to see what we can be, what we can do and *how* we can do it, and the stakes are too great for us to fail or flag in the least.

To the old members of the Alumnæ I would say, and I am so glad to be able to say it, that I think our Alumnæ Association is fulfilling the purpose for which it was organized, that is, not only forming a chain linking us to the dear past and to each other, but proving an intellectual stimulus to those of us who are inclined to think that study and mental development ended with our school days. It furnishes an impetus to those who have no other, which every one needs to do mental work. Our Alma Mater grows so rapidly it takes pretty lengthy strides on our part to keep up with her, yet we stand as representatives of her to-day, not her yesterday, and we must represent her worthily. We have the less excuse for not doing so for the reason that each year are furnished to us so many opportunities for growth and culture in the courses of lectures and the special classes which Mrs. Somers so generously throws open to the old girls. We are never forgotten or neglected for the children of younger growth when the banquet board is spread, and I think, as an Association, we should most sincerely and gratefully thank Mrs. Somers for all that she does for us in this way.

May each of us recognize the obligation of "noblesse oblige" resting upon us as Alumnæ of this school, and prove goodly pillars and strong in upholding the noble edifice that many others may gather in its halls and receive, as we have done, that which will uplift and enrich their whole lives.

RESPONSE OF THE CLASS OF '91

FRANCES PEARSON CLAPP.

MISS PRESIDENT AND LADIES OF THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION:

WE deeply appreciate the kind reception you give us as we join the Alumnæ Association of our Alma Mater. Our devotion to our school-home has grown with the weeks and months as we have seen the constant efforts of all our teachers to assist us in acquiring knowledge, and their desire to give the bent of a high moral tone to our character. As we pass from the doors of our temporary home and enter upon life's responsibilities we remember with gratitude the continued kindness of all the members of the household, especially the sympathy and motherly care of our dearly loved Principal. Just as in the past it has been our ambition to worthily represent our school, so in the future we shall strive to reflect dignity and honor on the Alumnæ Association. We thank you again for your cordial welcome, and trust that the warm sympathy with which you greet us to-day will strengthen so that as time glides by the Class of '91 will lose its individuality and be merged into the Alumnæ Association.

POEM.

Your poet sits in her rocking chair,
With thoughtful brow and absent air,
For soon the perfect days will come
When once again will gather home,
From sunny slopes and distant waters,
Our Alma Mater's blooming daughters.
In dreams I see familiar faces,
I recognize old girlish graces,
And hear the sweet exchange of greeting,
As parted friends once more are meeting.
Mount Vernon's classic halls are ringing
With mirthful laugh and merry singing,
While springing footsteps mark the measure
Of happy hearts o'erflowing treasure.

* * * * *

These were the thoughts that came to me,
As with my babe upon my knee,
A promise that I rashly made
Flashed through my brain. I was afraid.
Yes, it is really true. Oh dear,
Alumnæ day will soon be here!
How can I write a single rhyme?
For all my thought and all my time
(As every one can plainly see)
Is for this babe upon my knee.

There was a time, long years ago,
I soared away from things below;
I climbed, in fancy, learning's peak,
In science delved new gems to seek;
And far and wide, well known to fame,
Was blazoned forth the poet's name.
Alas, for young Horatio!
The mind's eye, only, saw it so;
Imagination cannot work
When other duties it must shirk.
For with a babe upon the knee,
Can one be writing poetry?

Ah, no; and yet I yearn to say,
There's borne upon my heart to-day,
O dear and distant friends of mine,
Sweet thoughts of you and *auld lang syne*,

Sweet mem'ries of those other days,
When as we walked in wisdom's ways,
We culled her fragrant buds of truth,
To blossom o'er departed youth.
Better than rubies rare, or gold,
That crown within our hands we hold.

O Alma Mater, Mother sweet,
We throw our garland at your feet;
The seed your tireless hands have sown,
Have into fruitful gardens grown;
Your children from the East and West,
Before you rise and call you blest;
And grateful for your works and ways,
Exultant, glad, they sing your praise.

Hymn to Alma Mater.

Tune: "*From Greenland's Icy Mountain.*"

On Hampshire's snow-clad mountains,
In sunny southern lands;
Where California's fountains
Roll down her golden sands;
Along the rolling prairies,
Where western breezes blow;
On bleak old Rocky's aeries,
Mt. Vernon's flowers grow.

They grow to show her beauty,
Upspringing o'er the land;
They grow to do her duty,
As coming from her hand;
Their fragrance breathes the story
Of her who sowed the seed;
And fair Mt. Vernon's glory,
Shall be their joy and meed.

* * * * *

My tiny babe has sweetly slept,
And thus have I her vigils kept;
But now her blue eyes search my face,
As if some meaning she would trace
In this my thoughtful, absent air,
While sitting in my rocking chair.

Well, I shall own that all this time,
My thoughts have been on making rhyme;
On simile and metaphor,
Poetic feet, and all that lore.
At last I come to earth again;
I've sought my long lost muse in vain
In verdant fields and summer skies,
But find it in my darling's eyes.
O baby sweet upon my knee,
You are my song, my poetry.

Cora Walker Hayes.

REMINISCENCES.

Just as the glowing diamond holds, 'tis said,
Sunrays imprisoned in its heart of hearts,
Beams gathered while it was a whispering leaf,
A bit of bark—or flow'ret wet with dew;
And ere 'twas buried out of sight and pressed
And crushed in old dame Nature's workshop great,
Till leaf or bark or flow'ret was transformed
Into a gem fit for a diadem;
Just so the sunshine of our early days
Stays with us, to shine out again in after years.

Man's life's a mirror into which are thrown
Shadows which oft return to fix his path.
The atmosphere in which he first drew breath
Does much to influence his later years.
The scenes he opened his bright eyes upon
Will be reflected some time, soon or late.
How oft we catch a glimpse of sunny days—
Or gloom which fell athwart the childish path—
In the bright landscape of the man—or lays
Of sadness sung by him whose youth was dark.

A shepherd boy, ruddy and fair of face,
On Bethlehem's plain lies watching Jesse's flocks.
Above him are the stars—his only book;
Around him stretch the pastures green—and near
The waters still, whither he leads the lambs—
(He knows how great his love for those he keeps)
How tenderly he lifts the wee ones up;
And none has sung more sweet of God—
Our Shepherd King, than he whose mind was filled
With rural memories—Judah's great Prince.

See how he watches the bright stars come out,
One and another, as if angel hands
Were reaching o'er the balcony of heav'n
To set the lights out in the azure sky;
And then the moon sweeps up, silv'ring the scene.
So David sings of stars and moon ordained
By God. The heavens, great works of His own hands,
And man himself—a little lower than
The angels made; and fowl of air, and fish,
And beasts of field placed underneath his feet.

'Twas not alone in olden times man's life
Was moulded by the scenes which round him lay.
A little village nestles at the foot
Of vine-clad mountains 'neath Italian skies;
'Tis Cagli, where were passed the boyhood hours
Of Raphael, and where to-day 'tis said
One sees along the narrow streets,
Which scramble up the green hillside, those same
Madonnas sweet, with large eyed, wondering babes
Which were immortalized by Raphael's brush.

Think you that Scotland's bard had sung so true
Of mountain daisy cut down by the plow,
Or mouse nest overturned, had he not been
A peasant lad, and all the atmosphere
About him sweetened with the new mown hay—
And heather bloom and wild flowers fresh and bright?
His "Highland Mary" had not been to us
So real had he not kissed those rosy lips
And seen with "his ane ee" that sparkling glance
Which dwelt on him "sae aft, and fond and true."

About our own lives, too, sweet thoughts still cling
Of our school home, and hours which there flew by.
One picture on the walls of mem'ry hangs—
That of the helpful Sabbath evening talks,
Can you not see around our teacher's feet
A troop of fair young girls, whose eyes with love
Look into hers—a tender rivalry

Amongst them there to see which one may rest
Her cheek on that dear hand or catch some time
The soft caress that we can feel e'en now?

On those sweet Sabbath eves were spoken words
Which oft return to me—"Remove thy foot"—
So come the tones again—"from threshold of
Thy neighbor, lest he weary grow of thee."
And many a time when buttons must be sewn,
"Whate'er is worthy to be done at all
Is worth the doing well," I hear in time
To make the buttons more secure and strong.
Oh girls! will not those memories live for aye
And mould us more than that dear one can know?

And dear Miss Scull, her life was a light
Which burned and shone to guide our steps aright.
What *thought* more *beautiful* could she point out
Than her own loving, patient carefulness
In training our dull eyes to see the art
And architecture of her much loved Greece.
The *central idea* which we caught most clear
From her sweet words was of the Christ she loved,
The centre of her universe and ours.

One incident of "Tark" I must relate,
Who queen of cats unnumbered surely was.
Sad to relate, toward me her heart was cold,
Though once she rendered me a service true.
A sign confronted me—"*Engaged*," it said.
What's to be done? Admission I must have;
But like the law of Medes that word was writ.
I wandered back and forth disconsolate
Before the door of Mrs. Somers' room,
Fearing, yet longing to disturb her rest.

All of a sudden a sweet tinkling sound
On my delighted ears did fall, and up
The stairway softly crept that weird, thin cat.
Quick as a flash I pounced upon old Tark

And shook her bells before the bolted door.
'Twas as an "Open Sesame"—for see:
For her the door flew then ajar—and I slipped in,
While Tark serenely wandered down the hall
Quite unconcerned that she for once had been
To me a "cat's paw." May she rest in peace!

How all these memories come flocking down
Like pigeons from San Marco's belfry tower.
The "*midnight* spread" at *ten*—fried oysters hot,
Marshmallows roasted on a gold hat pin,
And olives—the delight of girlish hearts.
The schoolmates, one by one again I see;
The names of many new. Some dear ones gone
Beyond the pearly gates—and some the slaves—
Most willingly—of these dear tyrants small
In pinafores—who fill our hearts with joy.

But yet more sweet than all the rest there comes
To-day a memory of her whose life
Was as a benediction to us all.
Her soft white hair, her dear face always bright,
The voice so gently low. With some kind word
For each of us. And then the nights when she
Would say, "God bless you, child," it always seemed
That sleep was sweeter and more peaceful for't.
Dear Grandma Eddy! One of earth's bright gems!
God bless her now, as once she blessed us!

Would I might meet with you again as you
Recall the sunshine of the bygone years,
And speak of bright to morrows and to-days.
Alas! my pen must speak for me the words
My lips would gladly say—and so I pray
"God bless dear old '1100 M,'
Dear Mrs. Somers and the teachers all—
And wheresoe'er they be—the precious friends
And schoolmates, who are bound to us with cords
Of love and sympathy—God bless us all!"

LINA WILSON ALTON.

TOASTS.

MISS CAROLYN E. PORTE, M. C.

1. *Mount Vernon Seminary,* Mrs. Addie S. Holden.

"It is a school, take it for all in all,
We shall not look upon its like again."

2. *Mrs. Somers,* - - Miss Hattie B. Walker.

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles,
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman—nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

3. *The Past,* - - - Miss Cornelia I. Morgan.

"There's a feeling within us
That loves to revert
To the merry old times
That are gone."

4. *Class of '91,* - - - Miss Elsa Chamberlin.

"With an inspiration new
From a loftier plane of view
Each her life work to pursue."

5. *The Future,* - - - - - Miss Marion Lilley.

"Crowned doubly by man's blessing and God's grace
Thy future is secure."

6. *Alumnæ Babies,* - Mrs. Minnie N. Swartzell.

"The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet—
The bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom."

RESPONSES.

1. Mt. Vernon Seminary.

I rise to respond to this toast with pleasure and enthusiasm. Where will you find one more appropriate to the occasion or more full of suggestiveness to all present unless, indeed, we toast Mrs. Somers, the living center and heart of our beloved institution.

Let us toast the Mt. Vernon Seminary of the past, the present and the future.

I represent one of the earlier classes of the Seminary. I was enrolled as a scholar when we embarked as a school, and I witnessed the presentation of a diploma to the first graduate, our illustrious Ex-President of the Alumnæ, who has the distinction of having carried off victoriously every honor of her class.

We are by no means ashamed of the home nest. As to *location* it may have been a trifle near to the station-house, and one can imagine a more picturesque object to have met our youthful gaze than the grimy Irishman across the way whom we dubbed "Pluto" at an early date, because he appeared so constantly in his gloomy portals, wreathed in perpetual smoke. But looking down the dim vista of years these slightly incongruous surroundings are mellowed by distance, and I and my contemporaries cherish only the most loving and tender recollections of the earliest Mt. Vernon Seminary. Far from being wholly a "dark Plutonian" era it was then that "Tarquinius Superbus" was in the zenith of his glory. (This classical allusion

will not be appreciated by the recent members of the Association, but any record of the first Mt. Vernon Seminary would be incomplete without mention of Tarquinius. Peace to his ashes!)

We think that our Seminary has always afforded superior educational advantages. How could it have been otherwise with the same Mrs. Somers at the helm? And from the first year the lofty principles of the ideal Christian womanhood have been instilled as to-day by precept, and what is more impressive by example. All the "sweet girl graduates" have gone forth with the watchword—"Better not be at all than not be noble," and with the secret of its fulfilment in our motto—"Vincit qui se vincit," which is displayed so prominently and proudly to-day in our beautiful little Alumnæ pins.

All honor, then, to the Mt. Vernon Seminary of the past. May the early graduates, the back numbers, "Annually" speaking, ever keep pace with the forward movement of the school and glory in its progress and development. As education only begins with our so-called "Commencement," may we out in the world's school be continually seeking and finding more and more light, so that the past may now and ever be inseparably linked with the present and the future!

You must pardon me if I have lingered too long over the first Mt. Vernon Seminary. As I contemplate the Seminary of to-day there is cause for reminescence. In the Botany class we used to discuss the two kinds of growth in trees, exogenous and endogenous, from the outside in, and from the inside out, but our Seminary seems to have grown both ways at once so rapid has been its development. As we meet here from year to year we have to rub our eyes to assure ourselves that we are not dreaming, so remarkably does the aspect of things change. One by one these imposing buildings have arisen as if by magic and grouped themselves about the central structure, and we become dazed as we pass from one apartment to

another through ways that seem devious and bewildering to the uninitiated.

As an Association let us toast the Mt. Vernon Seminary of to-day, which has translated us from the parlor to the spacious new chapel for our meetings.

At the same time that we have been thus enlarging our borders externally there have been changes as great within. Changes in the faculty, increased facilities for study in the departments of science, art and music; instructive lecture courses have been provided, and more attention is being given to physical culture than of yore. When the graduates of to-day come forward to deliver their essays we look for the poetry of motion and the Delsarte pose. I wish that it had been possible to assemble all the members of the Alumnæ at this reunion. Our Association forms no small part of the glory of the present Mt. Vernon Seminary, representing as it does so large an area of our native land and a foothold in another hemisphere. Of this number some are already shining in literary circles. May our Annual, the mouth-piece of the progress of the Seminary, become richer and richer in its annals, and at length record that these have attained distinction. Of those who are married, I venture to assert that none will impede the growth of illustrious husbands by being "small, slight-natured, miserable." It would be easy to "rise upon a wind of prophecy," in view of the rapid advancement of Mt. Vernon Seminary up to the present time, but I will only say: May the future be bright in the fulfilment of the promise of to-day, that having already ceased to twinkle as a star with an uncertain light, may we speedily be recognized in the constellation of learning as a planet whose splendor shall never wane!

May the Alumnæ Babies prosper, and adorn the future Mt. Vernon University!

ADALYN SMITH HOLDEN.

2. Mrs. Somers.

"To see her is to love her,
For Nature made her what she is
And ne'er made such another."

One of God's greatest gifts to the world was mother-love, and surely no emotion of which the human heart is capable is so closely allied to it in purity, in depth, as the feeling a teacher has for her pupils.

No profession, not even the ministry, gives such opportunities for self-sacrifice, the conquest of one's own spirit, the development of the God-like in other souls; nor does one yield such rich return—a kindly glance, a sympathetic touch, an encouraging word, awakens the divinity that sleeps in the lowest and meanest. The pebble idly tossed on the still bosom of the lake, whose ever widening circles sweep far distant shores, the whole current of a life is changed, and from that half-unconscious source streams of influence flow forth to gladden the earth with beauty.

No power in the world can measure the result of earnest, honest teaching; but in the after-while, when time has become eternity, we shall read it all in God's book of remembrance. Which one of us can deny the effect of our Principal's life on our character? Which one estimate the force of her training in gentle refinements of speech and manner, in loftier thought, in broader mental culture, in all that furthers the development of the pure soul, the fully furnished, well disciplined mind, the healthy body.

I was no untutored savage when, the first year of its existence, I entered Old M. V. S., yet to take from my life the six years spent under its roof-tree would be to rob it, not only of the pleasantest of associations, but the best of moral and mental fibre.

To Mount Vernon Seminary—to Mrs. Somers, its creator, its tutelar deity, its guiding and controlling spirit, we bring loving tribute to-day and

"Pray that every venture
The Port of Peace may enter;
That safe from snag and fall,
And siren-haunted islet and rock,
The Unseen Pilot may guide us one and all."

HATTIE BELLE WALKER.

3. The Past.

A long time ago, it must have been about that period in our school's history when antiquity was merging into the middle ages that I began my life in the school. I have seen a good many generations of classes mature and graduate; have weathered many a commencement season; for this reason, probably, have been called upon to-day to speak of our past.

Now you all know that to be perfectly consistent with our school training we ought to begin a way back—well, with chaos, and come down through the ages, classifying and conquering, noticing first an intimation of life; then a beginning, development, growth, etc., etc. But Miss Scull will have to excuse us this once, for in this instance we find no chaos, no transformation period, no semi-developed organism, no evidence whatever upon which even a Darwin might base a frog story or a tadpole tale. For did we not emanate direct from the brain and heart of our wise and good head? Well ordered and regulated from the first, we had "a local habitation and a name," and that was Mount Vernon Seminary, 204 F Street N. W. I would like to emphasize that 204 F Street for the benefit of some of our mediæval and latter day saints.

Just the other day one of the younger, fresher young ladies took occasion to refer to those years on F Street as a pre-historic, antideluvian era, having no particular connection with the school of to-day. I would like to state that there are a good many fossil remains extant to-day in such a state of preservation as to make it certain that the school not only existed but flourished long before 1100 M Street was ever thought of. In the olden time we were not as powerful in numbers, not quite so high and mighty as to building as we are to-day. We had no electric bells, no elevator, but our house was a first-rate one, and our bell a good, old-fashioned,

straightforward, honest one, that rang out clear and long, giving us plenty of time; did not hurry and rush us with that nervous flutter of the electric bell. As for elevators, well, I am thankful to say that the young women in my day and time were amply able to run up several flights of stairs and never be phased, unless by the scolding which generally awaited us at the top.

Ah, those were good old times at 204, were they not, girls? When Miss Bliss, Miss Swaney and Miss Easton held sway. Miss Easton, how she used to struggle with us to make us accurate! Accuracy was her watchword. I remember when we were uncertain about anything she would say, "Yes, girls, you are just like the man who never knew whether he was five feet ten or ten feet five inches in height."

Then there was Miss Smallwood, Miss Fish and Professor Hay. Was not he the most genial, good-tempered man? Always bubbling over with fun. I am afraid our marks in deportment did not run very high in his classes, but he certainly did make it pleasant for us. And Miss Austin, with her sweet voice and gentle attractive manners. Miss Austin had a way of making lessons so charming that the most stupid of us learned something from her. Then came our own dear Miss Scull, whose presence here to-day is doubly dear, in that she is so sweetly linked with our past. And how shall I tell you of our rarest, choicest privilege, one growing out of our small numbers, that of close and constant contact with Mrs. Somers. The old girls alone can know just the depth and strength of that current of sympathy which pulsed through our little circle. Every throb of our great Heart was a direct inspiration, and came to each one of us to "charm, to strengthen and to teach."

I would love to go into particulars and tell the younger girls just what it meant to be a Mount Vernon Seminary girl in the old time. I would dwell on those long evenings when Mrs. Somers would draw us around her, with the sick one nearest, and the rest

about as close as we could get, to have her read or talk to us, and of delightful classes in which she was the moving spirit. But really, girls, when I think of what you have missed, it makes me so sad and sorry for you that I have not the heart to go on. You have our most sincere sympathy. But you must not be discouraged, just be patient, for there is one privilege which you all will enjoy, and that is the grand and glorious one of being an "old girl." You will prize your antiquity, and sometime will dwell, as we do now, most lovingly and tenderly on our dear—beautiful—Past.

CORNELIA I. MORGAN.

4. The Class of '91.

It does not require the far-seeing gaze of the prophet, nor the subtle insight of the clairvoyant to read the future of the Class of '91.

Who that has lived with them day by day, who that has seen the bent of mind and heart could not foresee with prophetic precision the sure destiny of each one of the happy band? Let me take you with me beyond a few of the oncoming years and show you what I see.

Honors shall be thrust upon the most deserving. Fashion's highways call in vain for her who can do greater things in life.

We of the Class of '91 do not forget that she who presides over humane societies, who leads the mission bands and finds her just deserts by being asked at all times to act as presiding officer, was called upon by *us first*, and that we saw her strike the keynote of success. We see the embodiment of Solomon's text in the sweetest of modest flowers—a *Lily*.

Necessity and ennui have driven me to Asiatic shores. Minarets, towers and oriental strangeness fail to interest me as I stroll along the streets of Bombay. A steamer rounds into port, an American trio rivet my attention—a missionary, wife and child. The fair-haired, great-eyed child has a familiar look; I see, too,

an old-time familiar expression on the face of the mother, but years and much diet have changed my old friend—she is beyond plumpness now, she *waddles!* Shades of by-gone days! I cry Nellie Brush!

Well, the heathen have fallen upon strange times! Think of it!

Oh! Nell, what have they done that *you* should teach them *orthodoxy?*

The Graces have met to say what shall be given to the loveliest of her sex. It shall be the best of all things life has for those who use it well. They say she may marry a lord if she will—or her own true love, be he American lawyer or doctor.

But she waits and lingers, and still signs herself "Clara Seipp."

She and I meet and walk along London streets. We hear of several of the old girls. Can it be? Anna Beebe, an echo of her bald-headed husband! And Grace Edwards, a missionary to the Indians.

My record matches the wonders of her own, for I can tell her of Izzie Herrick, who is winning multitudes by her evangelistic work. The canvas tent can scarcely hold the crowds that come to hear the voice of the charmer in exhortation and in pathetic rendering of Gospel hymns.

Susie Plain and Frances Clapp, as we still familiarly call them, I saw on their wedding journeys at Niagara Falls. There is little to be said of them. Their theme is the American husband, who is their interpretation of the Psalmist's: "Mark the perfect man."

From the public press and from enthusiastic students we learn that the London literary world is all astir. A gentle, modest girl, the president of the American Browning Club, is the heroine of the hour. Those who complained of halting verse and obscure meaning are now thanking the fair expositor for leading them into the clear light of truth and beauty.

Need *I* say the name of this favorite is Cornelia Wright, and that none mention it but in praise?

In the sunlight of social success I see another—the observed of all who watch for fashion's last and most whimsical departure ; she it is who has just laid aside her favorite novel, "A Tub of Blood" ; she the butterfly whose wings reflect a thousand changing hues, and upon whose smile countless devotees depend ; she to whom Ward McAllister dedicates his last and worst book. The title page declares her name to be Sara Shields.

In the olden time a woman who appeared in public was denounced as being out of her sphere. In the future, whose banner bears the watchword "Advance," there is one whose fame is national!

Upon the lips of all start the queries : "Have you *seen her*?" "Have you heard her, the world-famed delineator of Pyramus and Thisbe?" She, who has wrung tears from the most hardened by the beauty and pathos thrown into—

> "These lily lips,
> This cherry nose,
> These yellow cowslip cheeks."

WHO is she? Oh, most trying querist, who *could* it be but Elizabeth Field?

A genius comes this way. In frenzy rolls her dark eye as she speaks in poetic feet. She is known not for her search for truth so much as for her earnest hunt for rhymes. We see her sitting in her far-away southern home with knitted brow, and fingers running through her hair. It is not lunacy that causes the ceaseless cry and monotonous soliloquy : "Jingle, tingle, *single*—Fail, wail, *Yale!*—Alder, balder, *Calder!*

The annalist records only the fortunes of others. Look farther still into a churchyard in a foreign land, and think only of what was good in her as you part the long grasses and read on a modest slab :

E. CHAMBERLIN,
Spinster.
Age unknown.

5. The Future.

The proverbial hardship of the old oracles and prophets is not fulfilled in my case, for while they could predict either good luck or misfortune, I can see in the future nothing but the best of all good things for M. V. S. In the words of the immortal Mrs. Malaprop, we will "anticipate the past and engage in retrospection of the future," for only by the bright past of our Alma Mater can its future be judged. When I look towards the ending of another fifteen years, I see the class of '91 hastening eagerly to another Alumnæ Reunion. I see the same familiar faces, with many new ones added to the list—faces strange to us yet full of friendliness, arising from the knowledge that we too were school girls here, led by the same gentle hand into the difficult path of learning, led so wisely and tenderly that we rejoice to see how many more are following the guidance of her who has been with us all in the work and play of our school days, and with some of us in the sorrow that comes even to the school girl.

I see our school the educational and literary center of Washington, taking the place it so well deserves, not that of a college or university, but holding a unique position, our Alma Mater M. V. S. I see our Principal more beloved and respected than ever, with her gentle kindliness widening the lives of all who come beneath her influence, and when I see her thus I think of the noble work even now accomplished by M. V. S. My prophecy seems useless, and I can only say again:

"Crowned doubly with man's blessing and God's grace,
Thy future is secure."

MARION DANE LILLEY.

6. Alumnae Babies.

It seems to me in asking me to speak upon such a subject in the brief time allotted to an ordinary toast you have clearly demonstrated one of two things—that is, your ignorance of babies in general and Alumnæ babies in particular, or you give me credit for being remarkably quick in word and thought. I put your mistake to the former reason.

Babyhood to any *Mother* is an endless theme. Have you not noticed how they can talk for hours upon the first tooth; the music of that first wonderful little "ayoo," or how much time they can occupy in describing their mode of navigation over the floor, to say nothing of the day the trembling little form was first balanced and totteringly began its journey through life?

But I am to speak of Alumnæ babies. It will be recognized at a glance that these are far superior to the ordinary *genus homo.* More beautiful, to be sure; for has not our school always been noted for its handsome girls? More intelligent, because their mothers' minds were trained at Mt. Vernon, where no dull minds are ever tolerated. Better in disposition are these babies, because (laying all joking aside) the rule of "Love and Charity" is taught from the beginning to the end of the course.

But the baby in *all* this group in which I am most interested has one serious fault, or rather misfortune —HE IS A BOY.

He of course can never come within the pales of Mt. Vernon Seminary, never once meet the favor of our beloved Principal, nor be able to do what his mother did—carry off all the honors of her class at Mt. Vernon.

Just how many of this class there are, I know not; let us hope the number will not increase, for we want all who can to enjoy the privileges of our institution.

We as mothers of these wonderful babies have truly a life-work before us to keep our own minds burn-

ished, our own hearts pure, our lives consistent, so that we may train them into the women and men our Alma Mater may ever point to with affection and pride.

I will not encroach upon time further than to say, God bless the Alumnæ babies always, and may they continue to grow in body, in mind, in morals and in numbers.

MINNIE N. SWARTZELL.

THE "I. T. S."

WISHING for some pleasant means of coming into closer personal relations with each other, the Class of '91 formed themselves into a Reading Club, consisting of the Seniors and a few special students of the boarding department.

The plan proved successful in every way; and early in May, acting on the unanimous vote of the members, the Club decided to make their organization formal and permanent. To this end they adopted a constitution, which provides for the perpetuation of the Society by the election of a sufficient number from the Junior Class of each year to continue the organization. In accordance with the course usually taken in college secret societies, all that is known of our Society name by the uninitiated is the mystical monogram "I. T. S." on the small silver pin worn by the honored members of the Club.

The first formal meeting under the new Constitution was held May 22d, the new members being initiated with solemn rites, and from among their number officers were elected for '91–2.

On May 29th the old and the new members held a banquet in the Seminary dining-rooms, which were beautifully and profusely decorated with the class flower—the Daisy, in combination with maiden-hair ferns. The class colors, white and gold, were exquisitely carried through the scheme of table decorations.

The banquet was a beautiful success, not alone in the material elements of its elaborate menu, but also

in the finer features of its feast of reason and flow of soul which followed with the toasts. Miss Woodhull, "the power behind the throne," was Toast-Mistress, and most ably and gracefully did she discharge the duties of this responsible post. All the responses were bright and charming, and given with the ready grace which we are all proud to consider one of the special traits of the M. V. S. pupils.

Mrs. Somers as an honorary member of the Society was present, and was given the place of honor at the right hand of the president, and, at the end of the program, addressed the Club—speaking of the pleasure she had taken in the success of the Society, which she felt had during the year not only formed a strong social bond among the members of the Senior Class, but had so evidently helped to quicken, not only among themselves but throughout the entire boarding department, a taste for the best and noblest reading.

PHILA CALDER.

PERSONALS.

THE 26th of last October was Grandma Eddy's ninetieth birthday. The date fell on Sunday, and a more beautiful, fitting celebration of the occasion could hardly be imagined than that arranged by Mrs. Somers. All of her living children, a good representation of a second and third generation, with old friends, made quite a large number to offer congratulations and greetings. A little program was arranged, each member of the family taking a part, paying loving tribute and honor to the grand woman of whom they all are so justly proud. Miss Porte offered greetings in behalf of all those who have been associated with Grandma in the school. An address by Bishop Hurst, and several appropriate songs by the School Choir, closed an exceptionally beautiful and impressive entertainment. Seated in her comfortable armchair in the bow-window of the front parlor, with a mass of exquisite flowers as a background, with her snowy hair and gentle, patient face, Grandma was a picture an artist might have idealized as "Peace—Rest." All the turbid, rushing waters of life passed, she seemed to have reached that point where, like the untroubled surface of a clear, placid lake, she reflected and brought into exquisite harmony—Earth and Heaven. May another decade find her with us, to bless and be blessed by her own and many adopted children, whom she has taught the grand and noble ways of life.

MRS. SOMERS, accompanied by Miss Carolyn E. Porte, will, about the 10th of July, leave Washington for Colorado, where she will spend part of the summer in travel. She is now enjoying peace and quiet among the beautiful surroundings of 1100 M, planning good things for the coming school-year. She has relinquished the building at the corner of 12th and M streets, which for the past six years has been known as the "Annex," taking in its stead the pleasant home adjoining the school premises on 11th street, known as the Joyce Place. This throws all the school property together, greatly enlarging the grounds and giving a delightful tennis court.

THE following is from a letter written by Miss Easton to the Young Ladies' Auxiliary of Metropolitan M. E. Church. Is it not characteristic?

"What is woman in Knamon? A chattel only to be sold to a husband, therefore to be his slave. Every man you meet, the poorer coolies excepted, has put on warm clothes, and no doubt, for sleeping, wraps himself in all the blankets the family owns. The women wear what they did in June, only that the garments from constant use are thin and give less warmth. No wonder their school prizes were chuddars. * * * I am so glad the ultimate future of all these people is in our Father's hands. How long will it take them to grow into wants and possessions? *Needs* they have in plenty, though when warmed and fed they know no wants."

DURING the past year the *Record*, a well-edited monthly, published by the composition classes of the school, has realized a long-cherished dream of M. V. S. and its faculty. Issuing its first venture in November, with Misses Edith Dingley, Phila Calder and Elsie Edwards as Editorial Staff; growing in grace as the months rolled by—the June number appears filled with Commencement News and Graduation Essays. May the success of '90 and '91 be but an earnest of a brilliant future.

THE dark eyed baby-boy of Mrs. Alice Nokes Hall, Class of '80, could not be present at the show of Alumnæ prodigies, which formed so delightful a feature of the last Reunion. His absence was a source of keen regret to his proud godmother, Miss Hattie B. Walker.

MEMBERS will please notify the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Knight Bradford, No. 904 M street N. W., of any change of name or address, that the Alumnæ record may be kept complete.

MISS CORNELIA I. MORGAN, of the Class of '81, has recently published several pieces of music for the banjo, which are full of harmony and spirit.

W. D. MCCLINTOCK, Professor-elect to the chair of English Literature in the New Chicago University, having been granted a year's leave of absence will, during the earlier part of the coming winter, be a member of the Faculty of Mt. Vernon Seminary, spending the later months in foreign travel. His presence in Washington will give the resident alumnæ occasion to attend not only another course of the delightful and instructive lectures with which his name is identified, but through Mrs. Somers' thoughtfulness they are also invited to become members of his regular tri-weekly classes—an opportunity from the gods, to be eagerly seized and enjoyed.

ON the 5th of November, after a sojourn of six years in America, Yoshi Kuki, of the Class of '90, left for her home in Japan, sailing from San Francisco in the steamer Oceanic. Two months after her arrival, her friends were deeply grieved to hear of her father's sudden death. We tender her our love and sympathy in her great loss.

THIS year we put into execution the idea expressed in our last report—"Hereafter the Annual will be sent only to those members who pay the yearly tax of one dollar."

WE fear the Alumnæ babies are not reverent. Mrs. Villa Welch Murray sends this report of her small daughter Elsie, who had called a little friend a naughty name, but after confessing to her mother her penitence, seemed so well satisfied that some one asked if she had talked to God about it that *He* might forgive her. "Oh, yes," said Elsie. "And what did He say?" "Why, He said: 'Great Scott, Elsie Murray, I've got lots of worse children than you are.'"

THIS from another young hopeful who was alone in her nursery during a thunder-storm. Mamma, from below—"No, dear, you must not be afraid—the thunder won't hurt you; God is with you." Small voice—"You may stay up here with God if you want to, I'd rather be down stairs with folks."

A NUMBER of the "old girls" have been welcome guests at Mt. Vernon Seminary during the past year. Among the familiar faces we noticed those of Mrs. Mary Stewart Carey, Mrs. Edith Foster Dulles and Mrs. Eleanor Foster Lansing, Mrs. Nellie Farwell Wooley, Mrs. Guy Hammett Davis, and Misses Calder, Ina Taft, Adèle Hancock, Cora Warner, Lucy Ricker and Mary Force.

MISSES KATE STEDMAN and Coral Quay have been attending Mrs. Willard's school in Berlin during the past winter. Misses Cannie Ford, Ruth Young and Anna Dill are still in Europe, and Misses Adèle Grandin and Elsa Chamberlin leave this month for a two years' sojourn on the Continent.

AMONG the former pupils who will spend this summer in foreign travel are Mrs. Mellie Haydock Camp and Misses Clara Seipp, Clara Ford, Anna Sargent and Florence De Pauw.

MARRIED.

October 28, 1890, at the Foundry M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., Miss Nettie Ryan Stinemetz to Mr. Robert Lee Bains.

November 12, 1890, at the Foundry M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., Miss Martha Louise Lemon to Mr. S. Cornelius Cissell.

November 12, 1890, at St. James' Church, Wilmington, N. C., Miss Annie de Rosset to Mr. J. W. Watkins.

November 25, 1890, at St. John's M. E. Church, St. Louis, Mo., Miss Guy Hammett to Mr. James C. Davis.

February 12, 1891, at Chicago, Miss Alethea Luse to Mr. Sidney F. Underwood.

February 18, 1891, at the Ryland M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., Miss Annie C. Price to Mr. Edward F. Simpson.

March 31, 1891, at Indianapolis, Ind., Miss Anna Woodburn Baggs to Mr. Louis A. Koehne.

June 9, 1891, at Danville, Ill., Miss Mabel Cannon to Mr. Ernest Xavier Leseure.

DIED.

At her home in New York City, Miss Susan Banks.

In Dwight, Ill., Mrs. David McWilliams, mother of Louise McWilliams.

January 22, 1891, at Kobi, Japan, Mr. Kuki, father of Yoshi Kuki.

At Los Angeles, Cal., after a protracted illness, Mr. A. P. Luse, father of Alethea Luse Underwood.

In May, 1891, at Gettysburg, Pa., Edward Wolf, the brother of Roberta Wolf.

At her home in Denver, Col., Mrs. Minnie Routt Hartzell.